WITH LOVE DREAMS, HE LEFT LIFE PLAYING A TUNE AT DAWN.

Familiar Figure in Washington Park. New York-Wrote Music, but, Disdainful of Glory, He Burned

What He Composed. From the New York Journal.

tune which the septuagenarian George
Holtz was playing; then the sound of a violin falling on the floor; then silence. A still older man, brother of the musician, hastened to the room but, sound to reliad to the room but, so the room but, hastened to the room, but paused terrified lands.

OLD VIOLINMAKER'S DEATH, OPPOSED THE STAGE COACH. HOVERING AROUND HOTELS. An Ancient Economist Who Though It Would Ruin the

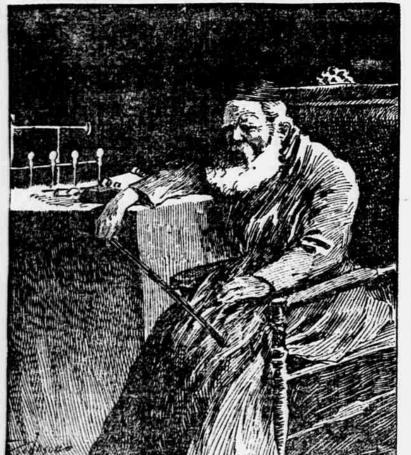
Country. The New York Telegram notes that the first stage coach seen in England was about the year 1553, and another 126 years passed before stage coaches began to run; they were not received with much favor. In 1673 a treatise was published in London by "A Lover of His Country, and Well Wish the Prosperity Both of the King and King-dom," in which were used many elaborate There was a plaintive note in the old arguments and violent tirades against

hastened to the room, but paused terriled on the threshold. Some sense, other it must have been than that which came to him through his dim eyes, told him that there was death in the room.

It was not the frightened imagination of an old man; it was true; George Holtz was dead.

He sat in his large, straight-hack arm chair, near the table where his work was. His hair and beard were silvery; his eyes were closed as in sleep. The bow was in his right hand, held gently; the violin was on the floor.

"Oh, it is not right; it is not right that you should be the first to go!" exclaimed Edward Holtz. He is 84 years of age. He had been in youth the mentor of his broth-



THE OLD VIOLIN MAKER.

er, twelve years younger, and they had er, tweive years younger, and they had lived together always.

Edward Holtz is a clgarmaker, George Holtz was a violinmaker. Every morning before he thought of his work, which was becoming more and more difficult, George Holtz saluted the rising sun with an air of long ago, always the same, delicate and frail. It was the handsome old man's receiving prayer. corning prayer.

A gentle expressed in the strains of the instrument as he played it; an c:halation of his indi-riduality was in the sob as it fell. The neighbors of the old brick house at No. 425 West Broadway, where he worked and lived, were eager to talk of it yesterday.

Picturesque, Familiar Figure. He had the face of a Celtic bard; wore

lack clothes which the brush and the pressing iron had made threadbare, and e carried, in his occasional walks in the paths of Washington park, a book, the SOAP OF MANY YEARS AGO. arrely sewn together.
They were torn, mended, selled, but the deate skill with which he touched them ade it evident that he was not himself to cause of their disorder. At times he ton the iron bench near the statue of activation leaked at it with an amused

linists knew my work as a composer and encouraged it, for I confided it to them secretly. But to-day those who were my masters are dead. I know nobody in the world except my elder brother; nobody else cares if I exist, and I live in solitude." Desiring nothing—neither glory, which, in his modesty, he did not believe himself entitled to, nor publicity, which he took infinite pains to avoid—he composed delicate, old tunes, similar to the one in which his soul seemed yesterday to have been exhaled.

His Quaint Surroundings.

bed, repaired with a board, an armchair, a desk, and a table at which he made a desk, and a table at which he made and repaired violins, all this, wreckage evidently having been obtained from the cellar of a second-hand furniture shop. A pitcher, a bowl and a glass were all the luxury of the room, except the music rack. This was a plank traversing the entire length of the room, resting on heavy boards nailed to the wall and supported at the center by another plank. On this rack of primitive handwork were classified a quantity of music books, deprived of their covers, in tatters, or coarsely resewn. George Holtz had bought them in extraordinary places, and regarded them as treasures, though not one of them was complete.

as treasures, though not one of them was complete.

The economical system of his life was amazingly simple. Regarded as a means of making money he earned his bread by making and repairing violins. His bread and little more was all that he earned, for his labor was slow and not well known to the dealers in musical instruments. It was conscientious work, but it was not famous. Croesus and Sardanapalus were not as happy as he, for he was pleased with what he had. He did not drink coffee, beer or liquors. His only vice was in playing vieu temps, or the pieces which he composed himself, on his inseparable violin.

This violin, extremely delicate in workmanship, came to George Holtz, thirty years ago, to be repaired; but the man who brought it never called for it. The old musician was passionately devoted to bothing else.

Love Had Touched His Life.

Holtz fell in love forty years ago; but the bject of his love never knew him, never saw him, perhaps. She was a weathy woman, a widow who lived on North Washington square, and her platonic lover was exalted to the skies when he had seen

English papers report that an Ameri- A whale in the Chesapeake in the winter

vants, they stopped at any and as often as they liked, and thus encouraged trade.
Farmers will be ruined, he says, by the stage coach: for how can they dispose of their hay, straw, and horse corn? Moreover, the influence on health would be bad; men called out of their beds before daylight, hurried from place to place until far into the night, in the summer stifled with heat and choked with filthy fog, obliged to ride all day with strangers and with sick ancient, and diseased persons and with children crying; poisoned with fetid breaths and crippled by the crowd of boxes and bundles. Besides all these troubles there were accidents arising from the rotten coaches and foul roads.

In short, the writer is fully convinced that if stage coach traveling becomes popular the country will go to ruin. Had he lived to see the railway he would have been bereft of his senses.

the First to Mention It, Calls It an Invention of the

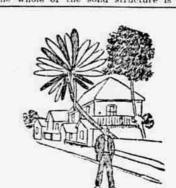
The first distinct mention of soap now extant is by Pliny, who speaks of it as an Garibaidi, looked at it with an amused smale, always new, always sincere—for he felt no bitterness about bad art, it amused him—and took from his pockets sheets of paper ruled with the five lines of the music scale. invention of the Gauls; but be that as it im—and took from his pockets sheets of aper ruled with the five lines of the music cale. He always covered these lines quickly dith small notes thin as spiders' legs and urried in the fear that a maid, a small oy, a policeman or any other passer-by, tho was as a Phillistine in his view, might eo what he was doing. He said one day, then a young painter caught him in the ct and captivated at the same time his onfidence:

'I do not dare to say, I do not even dare of think that I am a musician. But the cath is that I like, that I idollze music. When I was a young man two or three vionists knew my work as a composer and neouraged it, for I confided it to them ecretly. But to-day those who were my unsters are dead, I know nobody in the orld except my elder brother; nobody like cares If I exist, and I live in solitude."

Desiring nothing—neither glory, which, a his modesty, he did not believe him-ord ministe pains to avoid—he composed of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the exin, and when this is rubbed off the rest of the dirt disappears. So that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin with soap removes the same form face centuries and the utensits and some soap search and the utensits and some soap to this is rubbed off the rest of the dirt disap-pears. So that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin and leaves a new one, and were the process repeated to excess the latter would become

In his room were a white, ancient, small OLDEST IN THE UNITED STATES. This House Was Built in 1564 at St. Augustine, Fla., of Sen Shells

and Mortar. The oldest house in America is in St Augustine, Fla. In 1564 it was built by the monks of the Order of St. Francis, and the whole of the solid structure is com-



THIS HOUSE IS 224 YEARS OLD.

posed of coquinie, a combination of sea shells and mortar, which is almost totally A bachelor, like his brother, George indestructible.

When Francis Drake sacked and burned when Francis Drake sacked and b when Francis was the only house left in the town this was the only house left in his trail of destruction. It has been pur-chased by the well known antiquarian, J. W. Henderson, who will make it his winter

r pass. Inconsolute, his elder brother kneels at A WHALE IN THE CHESAPEAKE. s bedside and whispers, at frequent inter-is, as if the dead understood: "I'll come Showed Forty Feet of Its Back and Spouted Like a Congressman.

r syndicate has undertaken to raise the season is an innovation. Captain Thomas then steamer libe. The steamer libes woolford stated yesterday, says the Baltiat the height of Brown's Ridge, in but sixteen fathems depth. The Elbe had a large
smooth of precious metals on board. The
American syndicate is said to possess apparatus permitting it to practically work
in this depth of water. According to the
English report the American party is alread, located in Lowestoft, England, and
will soon begin work.

She—"Yes, they say there's a fool in
every family. Don't you think so?" He"Er-well, you see, I'm the only member
of the family,"—Pick-Me-Up.

Woolford stated yesterday, says the Baltimore Sun (January 31), that on Friday,
when he was off Black river in the tug
Maud H., his attention was directed to an
discovered that it was a whale, forty feet
of whose back was above the water. When
the tug approached the monster it made a
twent higher than the tug's smokestack.
Captain Woolford thought it would be
discrete to move away, and as he did so,
with all steam, the whale departed in an
opposite direction in a leisurely way.

QUEER CHARACTERS WHO HAUNT WASHINGTON HOSTELRIES.

Flotsam and Jetsam on the Stream of Life, They Float Into the Lazy Eddies of Hotel Lobbies, and Then Float Away Again.

From the Washington Post. "Whither they go is infinitely more a nystery than whence they come. How they live, as well as where they live, are both-ersome matters to study out. And how for years they carry, some of them not only creditably, but even flowingly, that elusive, slangful, yet very necessary, very important outward espect known as a front,' is another thing that no man knoweth," said the hotel clerk off watch. "They are the men of that unusually large class in Washington who haver around the corridors of hotels at night, ome of them year in and year out, for no other ostensible purpose than to loaf. 'At night,' did I say? Well, I should re-vise that. There are hordes of them who do their hovering during all the hours of the day, as well as up to the last gasp at night. How these day-hoverers contrive to perenmally provide themselves with shelter, food, raiment, moderately clean linen, and even an occasional smoke. is a subject that is going to take up a whole lot of your time if you tackle it. whole lot of your time if you tackle it. Of course, in the matter of whisky, that is an easy one. Any man wearing a clean collar can get whisky. He can get whisky when he can't get a mouthful to eat. Of all the free commodities in this world, whisky is the freest. So it does not worry me to wonder where the Washington day-hoverers around hotels get their whisky. But how and where they eat, and how some of 'em even keep their trousers creased—"
"But there is such a thing as an income?"

"But there is such a thing as an income?"

"Not, I think, that the hotel hoverers of Washington ever heard of. They simply are the beneficiaries of a providence that has hoverers under its especial protection. There's one of 'em now, holding down the best leather-covered seat in the lobby, across the way. Now, I've been around this hotel for ten years. So has he. The difference between us is, that I've been working for a living right along, and he has simply hovered. In no hotel in Washington has he ever been known to expend a sou, there are two inferences to be drawn from dis-either he is a miser, or that he hasn't had a sou since he's been under the eye of Washington hotel people. I think it's the latter. letter.

Typical Hotel Hoverers

"Notice that make-up of his. The long, bushy hair, the fairly good gray cutaway ccat, trousers a little loose, but not fray-ed, boots with a shine on 'em, clean shirt, ed, boots with a shine on 'em, clean shirt, collar, and cuffs, and round slouch hat. Well, that man's dressed his part of hoverer the same way ever since I first clapped eyes on him, ten years ago. And I'm dend certain that there has not been a single day, including Sundays and holidays, since I've been behind this desk on watch, that he hasn't floated in here a dozen times during the day, evening, and night, hovered about for a bit, and then floated out again. It took me five years to get on nodding terms with him, and I have never exchanged a word with him—simply the nod, on his first float-in in the morning, and that's all. He doesn't appear to know anybody. He just walks in, switching the same cheap looking stick that he had when I first saw him, prowis nound the waiting room, looks in, prowis into the bar, looks in, prowls back to the billiard room, looks in, and then makes his final prowl out the door—engulfed in mystery.

"Then there is a large body of limping."

billiard room, looks in, and then makes his final prowl out the door-engulfed in mystery.

"Then, there is a large body of limping heverers—the hoverers considerably past middle life, whose make-up is made to accord with the prebellum period, and who, far from being silent, are voluble sometimes to the point of annoyance—that is, they have a habit of picking acquaintance with guests for purely financial or alcoholic chenefits in prospect. I have observed that the limps of the limping hoverers are generally limps of either the right or left foot, and that they lean heavily upon heavy canes, ostentatiously to proclaim, I guess, their sufferings as a result of their part in the big conflict. Now, do you know that I have had the human curiosity to put war record knowing friends of mine upon about a dozen o' these limping hoverers, and in every case I have found that the garrulous and heroically-related tales they have exuded around here and other hotels about their mighty dangers by flood and field are pure efforts of the imagination—that not a one of 'em was ever in the war on either side. Unsuccessful Office Seekers.

"The unsuccessful office seeking hoverers are rather a pathetic lot. They wear that constant expectant look in their eyes,

you know. They seat themselves on lobby chairs, doing a lot of fingernall biting and mustache chewing, and their eyes seem to be perpetually on the swinging entrance doors. When a pair of 'em happen to be sitting together, perhaps for mutual en-couragement, their talk seems to be choppy sitting together, perhaps for mutual encouragement, their talk seems to be choppy and intermittent—for the eyes of both of em have to watch the doors, you know. Well, some big man comes in—one of the big men who is richer in promise than in fulfillment, you know, and the office seeking hoverer sees him. He springs to his feet, and awaits the approach of the big man. Before he gets quite up to the big man, one of the latter's well groomed friends has quite easily taken him in hand. Yet, with something of a desperate look slumbering in his eyes, the office seeking hoverer approaches the big man and begins to make his little salutation. It is received with that cold lowering of the head and extension of the ear that big men affect, andwell, the big man passes on. The office seeking hoverer either goes out with a deep flush on his face, or he resumes his sent with a humility that shows he expected no better treatment. Most of these office seeking hoverers still strive to preserve an air of jauntiness in their manner and dressbut it is an affecting attempt, I can tell you.

"There is a class of hoverers—chiefly

you. "There is a class of hoverers—chiefly day-hoverers, these—who make it a point to stand in front of the hotels, and give salutes of the hand to all of the famous salutes of the hand to all of the famous salutes by or enter. They are salutes of the hand to all of the famous men who pass by or enter. They are not known to these big men, but it is their cheap desire to make it appear to their hoverer friends that they are. The big men, who, during the course of a day, meet so many strangers presenting suits of one sort or another, cannot remember all these faces, and so fearing perhaps to give offense to some man who really has a right to recognition, return these hoverers' salutes in nine cases out of ten.

The Writer and the Lonfer.

"The day hoverer, who remains at the writing room tables for hours at a time. franctically writing, with his head bent low franctically writing, with his head bent low
—writing with the fierceness of the chief
correspondent of a great paper, who is reporting the workings of a national convention—is another one of these pathetic
types. He does not use the hotel stationery
—he brings about a ream of foolscap along
with him when he turns up in the morning.
He never says a word to any one, does no
buttonholing in the lobbles, is addressed
by no one—his only desire in life seeming
to be to get as many thousand words of buttorholing in the lobbles, is addressed by no one—his only desire in life seeming to be to get as many thousand words of copy as possible. For years I have wondered what sort of stuff these writing day hoverers have set down on paper, but I venture to believe that it is of a supplicatory sort, and that few pages of it are ever as much as glanced over.

"There is a sort of hoverer who does not hover at all, who simply appears somewhere in the neighborhood of le o'clock in the morning, takes a seat in an obscure corner of the lobby, and sits there for hours, twiddling a heavy stick, and taking in the passing panorama of men. Him I have figured out to be one of the men—there are a lot of them—who has a wife running a boarding house somewhere or other, and who is exiled for the day by the wife in order that he may be kept out of the sight of the boarders.

"The hoverer, who, twenty times during the day and night, portily approaches the drsk, solemnly pulls his glasses from the faded cases, adjusts them to his nose with a flourish, hauls the register around and proceeds to examine the names of the new arrivals with a critical eye, also belongs to the sad lot. Never have I seen one of this type discern the name of any arrival he knew. I'd know, you see, because he would send up his card, or, upon meeting any of the new arrivals in the lobby, make himself known, and permit himself to be shaken by the hand.

A Regular Holdup.

A Regular Holdup.

"There is a rather objectionable type of hoverer of a similar class. He is, in all ases a man considerably beyond middle cases, a man considerably beyond middle age. When he scans the register and discovers the name of some man from the same state and town which the hoverer left behind him-perhaps not for the state and town's ill-many years ago, he asks the clerk how old a man the new arrival is. If told that he is quite an elderly or even a middle aged man he leaves him alone. But if the clerk informs him that the new arrival from the hoverer's awa state and arrival from the hoverer's awa state and

who left his place a great many years ago -probably before he was born-makes all who left his place a great many years ago
—probably before he was born—makes all
manner of inquiries as to the descendants
of former friends 'back in the old place,'
and generally ingratiates himself into the
young man's confidence; does the 'reduced
old gentleman game,' in short. After he
has worked up his case he makes his strike,
and in ninety-nine cases in a hundred he
gets it. Really, it is nothing more than a
con' game, although perhaps it would not
come under that definition legally. Whenever we get next to one of this sort of
hoverers he no longer has the freedom of
our premises.

ever we get next to one of this sort of hoverers he no longer has the freedom of our premises.

"Slews of the regular hoverers we have around this hotel are old chaps that we really do know something about. They are simply the high-class indigents of the community, men who at one time or another in their lives have really been fairly high or even quite high on the lalder of life, and who have gotten down to the hotel hovering stage through rum, generally, but often through no fault of their own. Many of them have in their better days been first-rate patrons of this very house, and these we often send upstairs to dinner. One of the hoverers who sits sadily around here for hours every day is a man who has spent thousands of dollars in his day at the bar of this house. He never goes into the bar, but he simply sits and watches with rather pathetic expression the young man who pass through the swinging doors to the hotel bar. I guess if he had the whole game to play over again he would have given that bar the go-by with a vengeance.

(ast Out of Office.

Cast Out of Office. "Then, there are a heap of hoverers who have lost government jobs through one reason or another-generally change of adreason or another—generally change of administration—who are of course reduced to the necessity of hovering. Some of 'em, if they degenerate to the condition of mere hangers-on for booze, remain hoverers until one day we'll happen to notice that he hasn't been around for a few days, whereupon we idly conjure up a little picture of potter's field, and the hoverer is remembered no more. Others of the thrown-out-of-their-jobs hoverers keep up a first-rate front in some mysterious way, and the first thing we know we hear that they have gotten their jobs back or better ones.

front in some mysterious way, and the first thing we know we hear that they have gotten their jobs back or better ones.

"The hoverer who is an ex-business man and who, very rummily, fancies that he is a promoter, is not an uncommon type around the hotels of the town. He is, of course, just about as much of a promoter as 'me aunt in Ireland,' as the Swampoodie boys say, but he thinks he is, and he figures out gross and net earnings, dividends, and all that sort of thing on the back of an old, wornout envelope from morning to night. Sometimes, though, he becomes objectionable—when he acquires mysteriously rather more than usual of his jug, and then begins to tackle moneyed guests of the house with propositions for the sale of stock for some imaginary, salted or abandoned borax mine in the Bad Lands, or some baking powder factory, all laid out nicely on paper, with gigantle brick buildings, and all that. When we hear of the 'promoter' hoverer trying to get in his work in this fashion—well, you know, he don't do it any more around the shop.
"Last of all is the plain, seedy, self-ac-

trying to get in his work in this fashion-well, you know, he don't do it any more around the shop.

"Last of all is the plain, seedy, self-acknowledged hoverer for rum. He is usually a man of superior education, and convivial guests are willing to buy him rum, unlimited rum, solely to hear his line of talk and his reminiscences. The chief characteristic of the rum hoverer is that he seidom gets drunk himself. He could drink a brigade of topers under the table-but he leaves the field unscathed himself. All the same, he is a sad lot, the rum hoverer."

HE INVENTED THE LIFEBOAT. Henry Greathead Is Credited With Building the First Life Saving Vessel.

This is the man who, if he did not invent the exact craft that plunged through the waves to rescue floundering ships up and down the Atlantic coast, at any rate designed its prototype. He was Henry Greathead, a boat builder of South Shields, He devoted a great deal of time from 1785 to the construction of the lifeboat.



HENRY GREATHEAD.

Only one man had ever undertaken a simi-Only one man had ever undertaken a smilar work before—Lionel Lukin of Dunmow, England. Lukin had been a landsman—a carriage builder—and it was the loss of several of his relatives at sea rather than any theories about the construction of boats that caused him to design a lifeboat. His model served rather as an incentive to other designers than as a practically useful boat.

Greathead's was thirty-six feet long and possessed a beam of ten feet. It was rowed by ten oars, double-banked, and it was the first vessel built in which the main fea-tures of all lifeboats are found. Thus, the stem and stern were alike, it had a curved keel and it bulged greatly amidships.

MAY HAVE FEARED A BATH. At Any Rate the Monkey Ran When Threatened With Hot Water.

Dr. Bowker, the traveler, has a fund of entertaining reminiscences. In his wanderings he has met with many startling derings he has met with many startling episodes. He has come out of rail and ship wrecks unscathed, but he says the most agonizing moment of his life happended in India when a huge monkey disputed his path. He had letters to his high ness, the maharajah of Baroda, and was going to present them at the palace very vertice one merring. going to present them at the palace very early one morning.

Suddenly a huge ape sprang from a clump of bushes and sat on its haunches directly in the middle of the road. The doctor tried hard to pass to one side, but his monkeyship went that way also. Then he essayed to cross at the left, but the agile ape headed him off there and the same of see-saw went on for some minutes, though the doctor says it seemed years, and the monkey appeared as big as an elephant.

and the monkey appeared as big as an elephant.

He tried coaxing the monkey, which only scratched its head and looked more fierce than ever. He looked around for assistance, but not a soul was in sight to drive the beast away. It was too early for Hindus to be abroad. Finally mustering his courage he made a dash for the monkey, shouting at the same time the only words he know in Hindustan, "gharium pani," hot water. The simian gave one scornful glance and ambled off across the poppy fields, leaving a clear road.

COFFEE AS A MEDICINE. The First Use, It Is Said, of the Berry Was Made by Prior of a

Convent.

It is said that the first use of coffee by man was made by the prior of a convent. He was told by a goatherd of the exciting effects of the berries when eaten by his goats; so he thought he would try them and see if he could not keep his menks awake during what should have been their vigils. He succeeded admirably, and brought coffee into the way of earning its worldwide reputation. The most active principle of coffee is caffein; it contains also certain oils, which, no doubt, have a share in its action. Many years ago a claim was made that green, or unrossted, berries had a great value in liver and kidney troubles. One enthusiast prefers a mixture of two parts Mocha and one part Martinique and Isle de Bourbon coffee. He puts about three drachms of this in a tumbler of cold water and lets them strain and infuse over night. The next morning, after straining, the infusion is taken on an empty stomach the first thing after getting up. This medical authority cites many cases of kidney and liver colles, diabetes, nervous headaches, etc., which, though rebellious to all other treatment for years, soon yield to the green coffee infusion. The remedy is a very simple one, and well worthy of a trial. Another use of coffee medicinally is in nausea and retching. For that purpose a strong infusion is made of the berries which have been ground and It is said that the first use of coffee by that purpose a strong infusion is made of the berries which have been ground and roasted, and it is sipped while very hot.

Ent if the cierk informs him that the new arrival from the hoverer's own state and town is quite a young man he immediately sends up his card, and in nine cases out of ten is cordially received in spite of his shabby appearance.

"You can guess the rest. The hoverer, moderately certain that the young man whose position is impregnable could afford to take such a chance as will not remember the name of a man that."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TABBY IS A HURITAGE FROM ANCIENT EGYPT.

Practically Unknown in Rome-How the Cat Figures in Northern Mythology-The Legends of the Wyats of England.

Some scholarly enthusiast should write

a volume on this theme, says the Pall Mall Gazette. So long as we believed that the domestic out descended from the wild European species, its appearance in legends and fairy tales was in no way more puzzling than that of the fox or the wolf. But science has wrecked that comfortable theory, and it seems to follow that all the folklore of cats has arisen in historic time -a conclusion well worth the study of those who take interest in such subjects. Our cats are a heritage from ancient Egypt. Max Muller pronounces that even the Sancrit word is "comparatively recent." India received the animal probably from the Greeks, who themselves had lately become acquainted with it. The intelligent schoolboy will jeer at this assertion. Does not Aristophanes refer to the gale, and is not gale a cat? The husbandman in "The Peace" suspects it of stealing game from his larder, "Anyhow," he says, "I heard the gale making a great noise there last night," What could the household pet be unless a cat? Professor Rolleston has demonstrated that it could be the whiteonstrated that it could be the white-breasted marten, and was, in fact—a de-lightful little creature, for those who could bear its smell, and one not to be surpassed at mousing. It would seem that the Romans were not familiar with cats even in Pliny's day, for he evidently thinks they stank like a gale. It is alleged that the whole Roman literature contains less than half a dozen allusions to cats be-fore the Christian era. In Northern Mythology.

Upon the other hand, a cat is represented in one of the grandest and, apparently, one of the oldest Etruscan tombs: it has just caught a mouse, and holds it. No doubt there was intercourse between the Tuscans and the Egyptians. But in North-ern mythology the chariot of Freyga, or Frigga, is drawn by two cats. She was goddess of Love and Luck, very properly goddess of Love and Luck, very properly associated with a creature which is gentle and tender at the domestic hearth, but enterprising in courtship and fearless in meeting a rival. Is it to be credited that Freyga's cats were the wild variety? The matter is not so important as it looks; but decidedly this is not the place for an excursus upon the date of the Asa gods. In a very early Saga we find a wicked man, Thoroif Sleggja, defying the vengeance of his neighbors under protection of twenty cats. At length the chief of the district mustered eighteen men and assailed the house. Thoroif posted his cats district mustered eighteen men and assailed the house. Thoroif posted his cats at the door, "and they looked very fierce, mewing and rolling their eyes." When the chief approached "they cried out and began to act hideously." So he remarked, "This is a wicked company," and withdrew to the fence, where his men pitched firebrands on the roof and set it to blazing. Thoroif burst out presently, with a chest of silver under each arm, caught one of his enemies and jumped into the neighboring bog, holding him tight. Neither bodies nor treasure could be recovered. The site of his house was haunted by cats ever afterwards, "and evil was thought to dwell there."

The site of his house was haunted by cats to dwell there."

Story of Sir Henry Wyat.

A volume is needed for this subject, because, among other reasons, it must be illustrated by stories of the subject gard and stories fill up. A mere string of facts "goes in at one car and out at the other." In such a volume the legend of Dick Whittington would require several scores of pages for proper treatment; here we say nothing about it. But there is another rolkilore tale of the same class not nearly so familiar to the public. Sir Henry Wyat was committed to the tower by Richard III., and pitifully treated. He had neither bed nor clothes, and only food enough to keep him just alive. Winter set in and he was like to perish with cold. One night a cat slid down the chimney, came up to him purring and confident, as to its master, curled itself upon his chest, and kept him warm until morning. Then it passed up the chimney again, to reappear presently with a pigeon, which it put into Sir Henry's hand, and vanished for the duy. When the failer came he begged for more food, but the man replied that he dures not. "Then will thou dress and I provide?" asked Sir Henry. Very willingly the lailer promised, and he kept his word, though startled and alarmed at the sight of the pigeon. So things went on for a time. But wicked Richard determined to starve his enemy to death, and gave sight of the pigeon. So things went on for a time. But wicked Richard determined a time. But wicked Richard determined to starve his enemy to death, and gave orders to that effect. Then the cat paid several visits during the day, bringing a pigeon each time, and the jailer, rightly concluding that "there were miracles about," reverently cooked them. So Henry outlived his persecutor, and the story is extant to this day among the muniments of the ancient family; but not transcribed by the hero, as we understand, nor in his generation. The account states, however, that a picture of Sir Henry with the cat and the pigeon were to be seen; like eviand the pigeon were to be seen; like evi-dence is put forward in Whittington' dence is put forward in Whittington' case. Since all things are possible, i must not be said that either wondrous nar rative is untrue. But meantime we class them both among folk-tales. Cat Figures in Another Record.

historic records of a family not so old as the Wyats, but very much more conspicuous at the present day. Sir Edward Osborne, lord mayor of London in his time bought an ancient house in Yorkshire, and sent his children thither. There were two boys. The elder dutifully obeyed when summoned to his lessons one morning in a turret; but the younger, loitering. 'happed to light upon a cat which he delighted to play with, and crept after her to catch her under a table in the room, which was covered over with a carpet hanging down to the floor.' Thus he disappeared; and the next instant a terrible rush of wind overthrew the turret, in which his brother and the tutor sat at work, crushing them to death. Supposing that both her sons were there, the mother fell into convulsions, and we imagine the scene. One of the maids, running in a distracted manner from room to room, caught sight of the small boy peeping from under the table with the cat in his arms, snatched him up, and bore him in ecstasy to his mother, he only crying. "I pray thee, do not whip me!" So it may be said that the Duke of Leeds now owes his existence to a cat. sent his children thither. There were two A WISE OLD FOX. How He Doubled on His Pursuers.

A cat figures prettily, however, in the

but Was Eventually

Killed. From the Springfield Republican.

The East and West Longmeadow Fox Club has a limited membership of half a dozen men with as many hounds. They have captured twenty-six foxes since Octoher. Answering a question recently from village blacksmith as to what the hounds were doing the day before on the railroad track, the senior one of the club

railroad track, the senior one of the club members replied:

"We got a fox up soon after putting out the dogs at the foot of the hill by the sulphur spring. They started east on the Mills hills, but soon came back and on the meadows and away over the river on the ice, while we kept them in hearing most of the time from the bluffs.

"Returning, however, an hour or so later and being pushed pretty hard by the dogs, the fox—he was an old chap and a cunning one—coming to the railroad again, took the rail to bother the dogs, and kept that course for more than half a mile without leaving a track in the snow, as far as we could discover. On the iron rail, you know, the fox leaves but little scent, especially after a train has passed over it. over it.
"That is when you heard the dogs. They

"That is when you heard the dogs. They were just figuring out where the fox left the trail. The dogs found it themselves at last, without being caught up by a train, as the old fox no doubt wished, and as we were afraid. That old fellow is now through with his little games. "We got over on the river bank in his way and bowled him over just before noon, as he was making for over the river again, where he belonged. He was a fine dark red fellow, elegant brush well tipped with white—would weigh a dozen pounds easy."

Wonderful Loom.

Recent improvements in the Millar loom will, it is claimed, revolutionize the weav-ing industry, as, with less attention than ordinary, it will turn out from 140 to 200 yards of worsted coating in ten hours.

THE FOLKLORE OF CATS. COBRA STORIES FROM INDIA. STILT RACING IN FRANCE.

A British Soldier's Mistake-How Hooded Snake Saved an Of-WONDERFUL ENDURANCE SHOWN BY ficer's Life.

From the New York Sun.

the members of my mess in a frightful way," said John Bain, who served in the

British cavalry in India until thirty odd

years ago, "My company had been or-

"It was three years after the close of the Indian mutiny that I came near losing Two Hundred Miles Walked by Many of the Competitors Within a Period of Eight

Days.

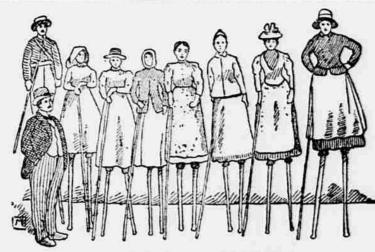
PEASANT MEN AND WOMEN.

dered into the Deshwur district, 150 miles north of Cawnpore, to break up the da-In certain parts of France stilt walking colts, who had become very troublesome there. I was one of a detail sent, under is a necessary accomplishment. In the Landes, for example, everybody uses them

there. I was one of a detail sent, under command of a lieutenant, against a band of these robbers who had made a stand in a little jungle village. We arrived there in the night, stormed their intrenchment by moonlight, killed or captured a round dozen of the dacoits, and chased the rest into the jungle. Some of us followed them on foot among the reeds and bushes, but soon got tired of this useless business and were quite willing to stop and turn back at the sound of the recall, our hospital steward, a native, and a good one, was by my side. My canteen had been emptied on the march, and I was parched with the thirst that follows fighting. Something among the bushes, glistening on the ground like water, caught my eye.

"It's a stagnant pool left by the rains, but it'll serve to wet my throat,' I said, and was for throwing myself down on my very belly to drink from it. But the steward pulled me back.

"Nay, sahib, stay! Lend me your sword for a moment,' he said.
"He took the sword and lightly stirred the pool with its point. From the middle



SOME STARTERS IN THE WOMAN'S BACE

of the pool a cobra's hooded head arose, and there came the sound of its hateful hiss. With a sweep of the sword the steward cut the reptile's head off, and at once what had seemed to me a water pool became the writhing coils of a serpent that had been fully six feet in length.

"That was your pool, sahib,' the steward gravely said. 'It's well that you paused before attempting to drink from it.'

"The white belly and greenish back of the cobra, lying coiled in the moonbeams, had looked exactly like a water pool. But for the steward's warning I should have thrust my face down into that hideous coil.

There he was safe from the cobra. As he perched on the dressing case in the dark thinking how rideulous and uncomfortable his position was two hillmen stole in at the door, rushed to the bedside and struck fiercely with their tulwars the heap of bed clothing where the officer had lain, before they discovered that he was not there. The snake set up a loud hissing, which seemed to convince the assassins that the officer could not be in the room, and they went away without seeing him, passing the dressing case not a step away. The cobra presently crawled out of the room through the door they had left open, and the officer was able to get down from the dressing case and raise an alarm. The two hillmen he never caught, but he siept with a sentinel at his door during the rest of his stay in the district."

A SPANISH ENTERTAINMENT Lively Fight in Madrid Between Bengal Tiger and an Anda-

lusian Bull. In the Spanish capital a few days ago, before 1,300 well pleased spectators, there was a combat between a royal Bengal tiger and an Andalusian fighting bull, the tige being a full grown animal, known for its ferocity. A cage seventeen yards square by four in height had been erected in the middle of the plaza, and the animals were brought in, the buil being the first to be released into the inclosure. He immediately began to run round and round his prison, bellowing and throwing up sand and grave with his hoofs. The instant the tiger en-tered the cage the great cat gave a rour and bounded on the bull, avoiding the horns, and fixed on his flanks and beily with both

and fixed on his flanks and belly with both teeth and claws.

The bull remained paralyzed for a few seconds, and then seemed to be sinking backward to the ground. The tiger, however, loosened its grip for a second to take another hold, and in the brief interval was hurled to earth by the wild plunges of the bull. Before the tiger had time to recover, the bull was on him, and, plunging its horns in the tough hide, tossed the tiger into the air. This was repeated four or five times, the bull varying his tactics occasionally by crushing his adversary against the bars. When the bull desisted, the tiger lay limp

when the bull desisted, the tiger lay limp on the ground, and the crowd, thinking he was dead, cried "Brave, toro." The bull stood stamping for a moment in the middle of the cage, and then, seems that the tiger did not move, approached and smelt his enemy, who, however, was only shamming death, and seized the bull's muzzle in its powerful jaws, so that the latter could not move.

Eventually, however, the bull was released, and, after stamping furiously on the tiger, again caught him on his horns. This time the tossing, stamping and banging apparently really ended in the tiger's death. The cage was then opened and the bull rushed out and back to his stable. For precaution's sake the tiger's van was brought up, and, to the general surprise, he rose to his feet, glanced round as if afraid the bull was there, and then bounded into the van. The tiger was found to have five ribs broken, hesides having a number of wounds from the bull's horns. He is expected to survive.

PAINTED BY THE ROMANS.

Picture of the Crucifixion Discovered in the Palace of Tiberius.

A dispatch from Rome, published by the New York Sun, announces that Sig-nor Marucel, an archaeologist, has discovered an imposing wall painting in the animal is now very destructive to fruit, palace of Tiberius. There is a long which a few years ago it was never known Latin inscription containing the name "Christus," and it is considered that the painting will prove an important addition to Christian history.

The painting represents the preparation for the Cruclixion. Around the cross are soldlers bearing indeers, and under each is written his name. Among the names is that of Pontius Pilate. The figures measures fifteen centimeters in height. The inscription consists of fifteen lines, of which five have been decaphered.

The pope was immediately informed of the discovery. Signor Marved will shortly publish a pamphlet illustrating his discovery. Many institutions have asked for information concerning the painting. Latin inscription containing the name to touch, its food consisting chiefly of in-

had at length to climb down and walk, vanquished by the fierce sun.

It is an interesting fact that at first the men's route was simply Bordeaux, Bayonne and back; but the authorities at Earritz begged that the course might be extended to their most beautiful town, particularly as they were just then entertaining his majesty, King Oscar II., of Sweden.

The first prize winner and the champion of all was Pierre Deycard, of Bilos, commune of the Girond. He won the most valuable of the many medals, besides 1,000 francs, and a number of minor cash prizes. His time was 163 hours 35 minutes, and his average 4 kilometers 335 minutes, and his average 4 kilometers 335 minutes, and his average 4 kilometers 435 meters an hour, including stops. His progress was a verifable tour de force. He was terribly anxious to win. His short snatches of sleep were broken by dreams, in which he seemed to be buying cows with the prize money and settling down to married life with his sweetheart. At St. Vincent de Terosses he was followed by musicians, who played "La Marseillaise" with so great an effect upon the crowd that one gave him 10 francs, another 20 and so on. At Dax



THE CHAMPION STILT RACER OF FRANCE.

he found 200 people waiting for him. He was too fatigued to notice them, and had to ask his cycling escort to roar at him in order to keep him awake. He even dozen on his stilts, still striding mechanically. Camphorated brandy frictions were tried, to get rid of the cramp that threatened him. Young girls came out to meet him with laurel wreaths and bouquets, and everywhere he was halled like a conquering Roman general.

INSTINCTS WERE HUMANE.

Buffalo Man Couldn't Tell a Show Bill From a Real Woman.

From the Buffalo Express.

A middle-aged man of hapless appearance meandered through Lloyd street early yesterday morning, using one eye to watch for policemen and the other to pick out a safe path for himself and his jag. The safe path for himself and his jag. The wind bellowed up the street and dashed the snow about everything. Across the street from the drunk was a large sign-board on which was the picture of a woman in tights. One eye caught this, and he went over to it.

Just at this moment Patrolman Henafelt of the First precinct turned the corner of Hanover street. He saw the man standing coatless before the signboard and holding his garment up to the figure of the woman in tights.

in tights.
"What you doing there?" he asked.
"Why, that woman'll freeze. Look at her! There ain't enough on her to pad a crutch, I'm just playing the part of a man."
At police station No. I the man said he was John Delaney, 40 years old, a hum by profession and choice. He was charged with drunkenness, and was sent to the penitentiary for ten days.

CORRUPTED BY CIVILIZATION. Animals Change Their Habits From Contact With

Man.

Civilization's advance is responsible for a remarkable change of habits in more than one wild animal. A familiar instance is that of the kea, the great New Zealand parrot, which was formerly es-Zealand parrot, which was formerly esteemed as a friend of the farmer, but which has become a dreaded scourge on account of its acquired taste for the kidney fat of sheep. Dr. Schonland mentions the chaema baboon as a Cape Colony animal that has become similarly transformed. It has taken to killing lambs for the milk with which they have filled their stomachs, and it is increasing to an alarming extent on account of its weariness and the protection and natural food afforded by the fast-spreading prickly pear. Another South African example is the so-called wet-gat spreouw." Spree bi-color. This animal is now very destructive to fruit, which a few years ago it was never known